

Wichita Daily Eagle

LOST ITS CHARM.

Prominent People Who Have Grown Weary of Existence.

SUICIDE OF A RICH NOBLEMAN.

Despite Titles, Power and Pelf, the Duke of Bedford Preferred Death to Life. The Case of Prince Daudouin—A Rothschild Child to Kill Himself.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Mighty are the mysteries of existence, but mightier still are the mysteries of man's making. Death calls a halt to human activity, as in the case of Secretary Windom at the banquet table; the captain, cheering on his troops in the full flush of victory and health, receives a sudden messenger and is no more; the hidden guest, who hastens to the wedding feast, succumbs to the accident of a railway collision, and finds for his host not the smiling bridegroom, but the dark angel whom all must meet. In a thousand and one ways the summons comes, but when it is not welcome to some, it is invited by those who can command the resources of the world to satisfy their desires, the ordinary mortal pauses in wonder, and puts to himself the query: "If the great and powerful of earth disdain existence, why should the average mortal cling to a life in which the elements of toil and sorrow dominate those of happiness and comfort?"

Who, for instance, would have thought that the wealthiest noble of England, the premier landlord of Great Britain, could find this world of so little value as to hasten his exit by the aid of the pistol? Yet the famous Duke of Bedford courted death and won it through suicide. He was 72 years of age and the ninth of his line. He had been a soldier and a statesman, and



PRINCE DAUDOUIN.

In the Church of England he was a power, for at his disposal were thirty-two livings. Able sons and beautiful daughters had been born of a happy marriage, and the light of prosperity seemed to shine unshadowed on his pathway. His long and active career had evoked but one criticism, that of harshness toward tenants who failed to meet their financial obligations. He was one of the few nobles of Great Britain who retained feudal privileges. Under a grant continued to him from a medieval ancestor he exercised the right of collecting toll from every vehicle coming within a quarter of a mile of Covent Garden, of which great market he was the sole proprietor. Yet, in his old age, this inheritance of the titles and fame of the house of Russell proved recurrent in the pressure of pain, and rather than endure the evils to which he had been subjected those of which he had no knowledge. Lying on a sick bed, from which he had promise of present recovery, he succumbed to the agency of the moment and sought relief in suicide. He had nothing with which to reproach himself beyond his severity toward tenants; yet, despite his power, influence and prospects, he preferred the tomb to the palace.

If rumors which are yet to be established as facts are taken into consideration there is more of romance and tragedy about the demise of Prince Daudouin than of the Duke of Bedford. The prince, so the story goes, had loved beneath his station, and



BARON GUSTAVE DE ROTHSCHILD.

and that that love could never be realized sought peace in the eternal silence of the grave. Opposed, however, to the tale of suicide, is the authoritative statement that his career was short but brilliant. Which version of the event is true, the fact remains that the young heir to the throne of Belgium has gone to his last account, and that about his final hours hangs as great a mystery as that which pertained to the taking of his rich seat, as it is not so very long ago that his nephew, the Baron James de Rothschild, crazed by ill luck in business affairs, blew out his brains in the presence of his horrified mother.

Occasionally monetary troubles unsettle a citizen of America as much as they do a European nobleman. This seems to be the case with Henry Thompson, an eccentric tradesman of New York city, who has not been heard of for two years, and who it is now supposed committed suicide at Yonkers and received identification, afterward disapproved, as a person named Edgar. Twenty years ago Mr. Thompson was a man of wealth and standing in the community where he lived. He failed in 1873, built up a new fortune, failed again in 1879, and thereafter went steadily down hill. When last heard of he was practically a pauper, whose family had been scattered and whose friends had forgotten him. One day he left his humble lodgings and never returned.

Soon after his departure intelligence arrived that through the death of English relatives he had fallen heir to an estate valued at \$100,000. The question now to be decided is whether he is the man who took his own life at the Getty house in Yonkers, or whether he is still alive, a wanderer upon the face of the earth and not cognizant of the wealth that awaits him.



HENRY THOMPSON.

[From a photograph taken twenty years ago.] Only hang on and make a good thing, he can pierce the clouds of disaster and climb to the sunshine peaks of success.

NOT A MAN ESCAPED.

A Pennsylvania Mine Horror of Appalling Proportions.

"Mine explosion! Over 100 men instantly killed!" Such was the appalling dispatch flashed over the country the other day from Greensburg, Pa. And further research has but increased the magnitude of the calamity, for ninety-seven victims have been identified, and ten more recovered in a state which forbids identification. "The whole region seems to have gone wild" is the report of the operators; and no wonder, for there is reason to believe that the accident was the result of negligence. The officials at first asserted that the mine was carefully inspected by the fire boss, and that gas was never known in the workings, and in proof thereof produced the usual certificate in printed form that "the working places in the Mammoth mine are in full condition for the workers therein."

Although this certificate begins, "We, the undersigned," it has but one name affixed, that of William Sweeney. He attended a hall the night before, and left it at 2:30 a. m. to make his examination. The men went to work at 5 a. m., and at 9 the explosion occurred. There are comments as to the condition of the fire boss at the time he left the ballroom, and regret is expressed that the company had lately dismissed Peter Lowry, the assistant mine boss, leaving but one man to do the work of two.

Superintendent Keighly, of the Mammoth shaft, is in a peculiarly unfortunate condition, as it was under his superintendence



THE BREAKER OF MAMMOTH SHAFT.

ence that the recent Dunbar disaster occurred. The popular frenzy was so great that District Master Workman Robert W. Watchorn issued a special address to the miners against violence, and other labor leaders have been appealed to. Superintendent Keighly is the man who shot Michael Kane, the Molly Maguire leader, at Youngstown, O., some years since. The legal authorities declare that Mr. Keighly is not to blame for this accident, and there is a general demand upon the legislature for more stringent laws on inspection. Of the identical dead thirty-two have families. There is a large proportion of Polish and Hungarian names in the list, and of most of the single men nothing whatever is known. Eighty-nine have been buried in the Catholic cemetery at Scottsdele, the others being taken elsewhere by friends. No one man in the mine at the time escaped.

A Singular Church Attraction. Many people will remember the recent hanging of Tom Woolfolk, a Georgian, who committed wholesale butchery. No one ever thought that Tom's hideous deeds would form the basis of a religious attraction, yet such is the case. A colored church in Albany, Ga., several nights since, gave the Macon News, was the scene of a theatrical presentation of that terrible tragedy. The presentation was a rare and roaring success, and the pantomime was not long in crushing the life out of nine pantomime bodies, and then came the gallows scene, when the life of the bloody axman was given up in expiration of the terrible crime.

If the presentation of the tragedy within the confines of a building devoted and consecrated to divine worship is a little out of the ordinary run of things, it nevertheless shows that the competition for increased membership among the colored churches of Albany is warm enough to exact a casting about for new and original features of attraction in order to maintain the hold upon members, and the church which presented the Woolfolk tragedy in pantomime seems to have found the kind of attraction necessary.

Conscientious.



Dead and Dumb Dick—Say, Bill, see that bloke!

Blind Bill—Now, I never see nothin' durn' business hours.—Judge.

KIDNAPED!

"Perhaps the strangest adventure I ever had during my twenty years upon the sea," said Capt. Novius, "was during the summer of 1858. I was 15 years old at the time, and was living with my parents in San Francisco.

"My chief delight in those days was the study of navigation, of which I never grew tired. My father, who was a master of that science, being a retired sea captain, took great pains to gratify my desire for knowledge in that direction, and in order to afford me a chance to pursue my studies he made arrangements to send me on a voyage to Hong Kong on the Jeannette.

"The Jeannette was commanded by Capt. Guy Wentworth, an old friend of my father, and as he had always been kind to me I anticipated a most pleasant voyage.

"I was provided with a set of navigator's instruments, including a costly watch, and was to keep a reckoning through the voyage.

"In addition to the ship's crew there were on board the Jeannette about twenty Chinamen, who had made large sums of money in the gold fields, and were returning to their native land to enjoy their wealth. Their money, which was nearly all in gold dust and nuggets, was stored on board the ship.

"Among the sailors on board the Jeannette was a man by the name of Jack Peters. He could not have been less than 50 years of age, tall, raw boned, with a complexion as brown as an autumn leaf. From the very first he seemed to take a great liking to me, and seemed greatly interested in my progress in learning navigation. At every opportunity he would engage me in conversation, yet I could not make up my mind to like him.

"There was something about the man that caused me to distrust him, in spite of his evident disposition to make me his friend.

"We had been at sea nearly five weeks when one night, just as I was preparing to turn in, Peters came to my room and asked me to go with him. Joe Braddon, he said, who was taking his turn at the wheel, wanted to speak to me.

"I thought it an odd request, as I had but a slight acquaintance with Braddon, but I followed him, little dreaming of the startling events that were soon to take place.

"The night was intensely dark, and a heavy mist hung over the sea. I had not taken a dozen steps after leaving my room when I was suddenly seized from behind by strong arms and borne to the deck. I was about to make an outcry, when a hand was placed over my mouth and a harsh voice warned me that if I made the least alarm I would be knocked on the head and thrown into the sea.

"This induced me to remain quiet while my hands were securely tied behind my back. Then some one took me from the deck, and slipping over the rail descended into a boat that had been lowered alongside the vessel. I was thrust down in the bottom of the boat and commanded to keep quiet upon peril of my life.

"As astonished and bewildered had I been at the sudden assault that it was some time before I could realize what was taking place. I sat there like one stupefied, huddled down, while a dozen of the sailors descended from the ship and took their places in the boat, and the ship swept on her course and was soon lost to sight in the gloom.

"What does this mean?" I cried, as soon as I dared speak. "Why have I been taken from the ship?"

"We'll let you know all soon enough," replied the voice of Peters. "We've got to use you, an' if ye do the right thing we'll treat ye all right."

"An' if ye don't," said one of the sailors in a threatening tone.

"We'll feed him ter the sharks," finished Peters in a calm voice.

"Some of the men now hoisted the sail and the boat was turned to the north-west. My hands were then unbound, and I was free to move about the boat as I pleased, but I was cautioned to make no noise in case we were pursued by the ship. For nearly an hour we continued our course in silence, then Peters said: "I reckon that ain't no use in disguising matters now that we've got the boy in our power. The fact is," he continued, addressing me, "we've just relieved the Jeannette of a little 'un, yer gold—about \$100,000, I reckon—and we want yer help to get away with it. The gold all belonged to them heathen Chinamen, an' it didn't look like the fair thing for them to take it out of the country where they made it, an' we decided to bring part of it back—kind of an export duty, you see. Now, if you'll help us to get to Formosa we'll do the fair thing by you, an' you'll get your part of the gold."

"I don't want any of it," I replied indignantly. "I will not be a party to your robbing scheme, but I suppose I can't help myself about assisting you to get ashore, since I am with you, but do not think that I would not give you all over to the authorities if I could."

"Oh, we'll risk that," laughed Peters. "Only you will see us to Formosa, an' we'll do the rest. Well see that you don't lose nothing, and besides we know you've been wantin' a chance to try your skill at navigatin', and we ain't in favor of keepin' a boy back when he wants to learn."

"This speech brought a hearty laugh from the sailors.

"I now began to understand the situation in which I was placed. That the men would have no mercy on me if I failed to do their bidding I well knew, yet I felt it my duty to make some attempt to thwart their plans. But I must have time to think, and to gain this it was necessary for me to appear as passive as possible, not to excite suspicion. As soon as the robbery was discovered I knew that the Jeannette would double on her course and try to run down the robbers, and there might be a chance of my arresting them if I managed matters rightly, but any attempt to deceive my captors would be a dangerous undertaking, and should I be discovered would, in all probability, cost me my life. Knowing this, I recognized the necessity of using the greatest caution in what I did.

"The night was still dark, with a heavy mist hanging over the sea, affording an excellent opportunity for the boat to escape the vessel. It was fully two hours before Peters would allow even a match to be lit to look at the compass to ascertain our course. Then the boat was headed for the north-west.

"The night passed, and when morning dawned the sea was still covered with

a dense fog. On taking my bearing I found, as near as I could calculate, that we were 21 degs. 12 mins. north latitude, and 122 degs. 54 mins. east longitude. This would make our position about 140 miles east by some 80 miles south of the island of Formosa, and nearly 800 miles east of Hong Kong. By keeping on a direct western course I could readily see that we would miss Formosa half thirty miles and follow in the wake of the Jeannette. As I reflected on this fact it suddenly occurred to me that I might mislead the robbers as to our true position, and while pretending to pilot them to Formosa I might induce them to continue on toward Hong Kong, thereby providing a possibility of encountering the Jeannette. But scarcely had this resolution taken place in my mind when Peters approached and began to examine the chart, asking me to show him our position.

"In response to his request I pointed to a spot one degree north of our true position, venturing the remark that we would reach the island the quickest by keeping in a due western course.

"He made no reply to my remark, but after asking a few questions as to the probable distance to the island he turned to his men and gave orders for the boat to be headed for the north.

"My heart sank within me at this, and for a moment I believed that my deception had been discovered. However, the next moment he explained to the men that it was his object to get as far out of the track of the Jeannette as possible before making for the island.

"Being thus reassured, I ventured to suggest that the Jeannette would most likely search for us among the Boshier islands that lay close to us on the south, but Peters cut me off with the pert remark that I was not brought along to give advice. This left me with no alternative but to quietly submit to being carried away beyond the possibility of encountering the Jeannette.

"My knowledge of the island to which we were bound was of the most meager character, and all I could recall regarding it was that it lay some thirty leagues off the coast of Fu-Kien, a province in southeastern China, and was infested with a tribe of savage and warlike natives.

"All that day we continued our course to the north, then turned westward, and two days later sighted the rock bound coast of eastern Formosa. Continuing our course northward for several leagues we entered a narrow inlet, and passing up this for four or five miles, we landed in a secluded spot, where we disembarked and concealed the boat under a clump of trees that overhung a narrow neck in the little bay.

"In a level spot about 200 yards from the shore a camp was made, and here we remained for three days before I learned anything regarding the future plans of my captors. Then, from what I overheard from Peters in his conversation with the others, I learned that we were to remain in concealment there for three or four weeks, perhaps, when a small vessel—a smuggler on the Chinese coast, I gathered—commanded by an old friend and pal of Peters, would arrive and carry us to Australia. In order to carry out this plan one of the conspirators had been left aboard the Jeannette, and on his arrival at Hong Kong he was to see the smuggler, whose ship would probably be at that port, and acquaint him with the business on hand, and pilot him to the place agreed upon on the west coast of Formosa. What disposition was to be made of me in the meantime I was unable to learn, but I had the gravest apprehensions that it was their intention to leave me on the island.

"However, I was allowed my freedom, and went and came as I pleased. Sometimes I would venture quite a distance inland, wandering over the hills and through the deep canons, in which grew abundance of tropical fruit, while birds of rare and brilliant plumage flew about me through the perfumed air.

"For about a week subsequent to our landing on the island, I was returning one evening from one of my short excursions inland, when, on crossing a little hill, a strange, startling sound, coming from the camp in the valley below, reached my ears.

"Hastening to the top of the hill I looked down into the little valley, where a strange sight met my gaze. Coming swiftly from a strip of deep forest to the left, leaping over the jagged rocks that covered the hill, I saw a horde of Formosa savages rushing furiously down upon the sailors at the camp, brandishing their spears and gesticulating wildly as they ran.

"For a moment I was almost stupefied with surprise and fear. Suddenly I had the appearance of the scene that seemed as if they had sprung up from the very earth. I recognized in a moment that I as well as the sailors was in the most deadly peril, for the natives of Formosa are as fierce and warlike as the Sioux and Apaches of our own country.

"I heard the voice of Peters shouting to the men to run for the boat, but before the order could be obeyed the savages were upon them. I heard the rapid discharge of firearms as the sailors rallied about their leader and sought to repel the advancing foe. Then the line of screaming, maddened natives closed in upon them, and nothing could be seen but a mass of struggling humanity. It would be impossible for me to describe the fearful scene that followed, in which the boat's crew were every one cut down and literally hacked to pieces before my very eyes.

"At the first appearance of the savages I had sunk down behind a clump of bushes, and lying there upon the ground stupefied with horror, I witnessed that awful scene, the horror of which can never be erased from my memory.

"How long I lay there I cannot tell, for I must have swooned at the terrible sight I had been compelled to witness. The next I remember was of lying there among the bushes trying to recall the past. As soon as I could realize the situation I arose and peered down into the valley. The savages had all disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. The sun was low in the horizon, and a deathly stillness had fallen over the scene.

"For half an hour I stood there, waiting and listening for sounds of the savages, but at length, hearing nothing to excite my fear, I stepped from the thicket of bushes and stole cautiously down to the little grove where the camp had been.

"There amid the rank shrubbery lay the mangled remains of the ill-fated sailors, disfigured beyond recognition. For several moments I stood there almost paralyzed by the horror of my situation. Then the deadly peril that surrounded me roused me to the knowledge

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